

Mistletoe Kisses by reddie_or_not

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Genre: Domestic Fluff, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Fatherhood, First Kiss, Fluff and Humor, Husbands, I'm tagging underage because they're sixteen, M/M, Mistletoe, Period-Typical Homophobia, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Swearing, Underage Drinking, so they have their first kiss and then it flashes forward 27 years

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Characters: Audra Phillips (mentioned), Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Maggie Tozier (mentioned), Mike Hanlon, Original Child Character(s), Patricia Blum Uris (mentioned), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier (mentioned)

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Audra Phillips, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Patricia Blum Uris/Stamley Uris, Richie Tozier/Eddie Kaspbrak

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Summary:

Richie and Eddie have their first kiss under the mistletoe. 27 years later, they have another.

Mistletoe Kisses

The first time it happened, it was a complete accident. They'd been at the school's Christmas dance, getting pissed and having a good time. Beverly was playfully dancing with Mike and Ben, Bill and Stan were engaged in conversation at one of the tables, whilst Richie and Eddie took shots of the vodka-laced fruit punch. It was disgusting but, at sixteen, they didn't really care.

"I've got an idea, I've got an idea..." Richie was spluttering through laughter, already three sheets to the wind, waving his hands erratically. He kept clutching onto Eddie's shoulder as if trying not to fall over, "why don't we do body shots?!"

"Do you even know what the fuck that is?" Eddie said loudly over the music, knocking back another shot. He'd spent the night underage drinking and grinding against Richie on the dance floor, if only his mother could see him now. Richie shrugged.

"I've seen it in movies and shit."

"I think it's a naked thing, dude," Eddie said shaking his head. He was struggling to keep a straight face, "no one wants to see that, man."

"Fuck you! I'm sure you're Mom won't mind demonstrating for me."

Eddie shoved Richie playfully, drinking yet more of the punch; they were sure more than just Richie and Bev had added to the mixture but neither of them cared. After another round of vigorous dancing, they gravitated towards the far side of the gymnasium, watching the couples spin about the floor. Eddie's foot tapped to the rhythm as Richie bopped his head, laughing as Bill fell flat on his ass trying to spin Stan. It was then they noticed the mistletoe hanging above their heads. Eddie nervously met Richie's eyes, who just winked and wiggled his eyebrows playfully. Eddie rolled his eyes, nudging his arm. That would've been that if Henry Bowers hadn't shown up.

"Well well well...if it isn't wheezy and the fairy godmother!" He exaggerated a loud laugh, glaring at his two goons, Hockstetter and

Huggins, for backup. They laughed, mostly because they felt they had to.

Eddie trembled, instinctively reaching for his inhaler. Richie, meanwhile, had had enough of Henry fucking Bowers to last a lifetime. He leaned against the wall casually, his hands in his pockets.

"You still here, Bowers?" Richie sounded bored and Eddie knew trouble was about to start, "I'm shocked you managed to pull your dick out of your sister long enough to stick around."

"Richie..." No matter how insistently Eddie tugged on Richie's sleeve, the dumbass didn't know when to stop. Bowers looked furious but Richie pushed his glasses up his nose, stepping protectively in front of Eddie. Making himself the target. "Why don't you fuck off Bowers? No one wants a science experiment gone wrong here."

Bowers shoved him, hard. Richie stumbled back into Eddie and knocked him flying. "Or what, you fucking queer?" He shoved Richie again until he ended up flat on his back beside Eddie. He laughed again, looming over the pair of them, "or what? What are you going to do?"

Bowers was screaming at this stage, ignoring the nervous mutters of his friends. The other Losers had stopped dancing and were hurrying over to defend their friends, standing protectively in front of them. Before Bowers could even react, members of the faculty were hurrying over to separate them. The Headteacher, Mr. Smith, clapped his hands authoritatively.

"Enough! Bowers, Hockstetter, Huggins, Tozier, Kaspbrak," he gestured at each of them as he called their names. Richie pulled Eddie to his feet, calming him down from an impending asthma attack by holding his hand and rubbing his back, handing over his inhaler. The Bowers gang chuckled but the Mr. Smith was unimpressed, "leave immediately. There is a no violence tolerance at this school. I will not have you boys ruining it."

"Me and Eddie didn't do anything!" Richie demanded angrily, pointing at the Bowers gang, "we were just minding our business and this fucking gorilla-"

“Unless you want to spend the rest of your time in Derry High in detention, Tozier, you will leave now!”

With a reassuring glance towards the other Losers, Richie grabbed Eddie’s arm and stormed out of the gym. They began walking with no destination in mind; Eddie didn’t say anything as Richie raged, kicking at every plant they walked by. Eddie giggled as Richie described in detail how he’d got to every female member of Bowers’ family first. Eddie grimaced as Richie lit a cigarette, blowing smoke rings in the air. He looked great but he was doing himself harm, eliciting a conflicting feeling in Eddie. They ended up at the clubhouse without really meaning to. Perhaps it was for the best, allowing Richie to calm down before he went home. Instantly, they both scrambled for the hammock, kicking and pulling each other to get the best spot.

“Get the fuck off me, you gangly freak!”

“That’s not what your Mom said last night, asshole. She was all over my dick!”

”Shut the fuck up! Take that back!”

The struggle continued, each of them panting and giggling as they slapped at each other. They eventually settled down, Eddie’s legs draped either side of Richie as he held his ankle. They complained about Bowers, calling him every name under the sun. Soon, they were giggling childishly, already feeling better about their shitty night. No matter how the world treated them, they still had each other. Eddie quickly became distracted by Richie tossing a ball and catching it in one hand, his shirt sleeve riding up and exposing the cut on his arm.

“Richie! You’re bleeding!”

“Yeah, happened when Bowers pushed me. It’s just a scratch,” he shrugged nonchalantly but Eddie was already pulling his emergency fanny pack from his jacket. Richie smiled. He loved that Eddie had an emergency fanny pack.

“A fucking unwashed open wound that could get infected with

tetanus and shit, you mean,” Eddie slipped on a pair of disposable gloves, shoving Richie’s sleeve up his arm, “there’s a fucking AIDS epidemic, dumbass.”

“I like it when you care about me,” Richie blurted out, softly watching Eddie; he loved being berated and cared for by the tiny germaphobe. He must have some sort of a complex. The smaller boy froze in the middle of disinfecting Richie’s cut. He panicked, “err, makes a change from your Mom doing it!”

“I like it when I care about you, too,” Eddie almost whispered, lifting his eyes to look at Richie, “sometimes.”

Richie couldn’t stop smiling, watching Eddie apply a neat bandage to his arm. Eddie finished with a neat little bow and looked up to smile back at Richie, the mistletoe above his head suddenly catching his eye. Richie followed his gaze, rolling his eyes.

“Fucking Stanley.”

Richie reached up to take the offending plant down but was stopped by Eddie’s gentle touch on his wrist. The look Richie gave Eddie was questioning, hopeful, and he glanced down at his lips. Eddie was moving before Richie even registered what was happening, his warm lips pressing against his softly. The contact was over before Richie could even reciprocate but it was enough to steal the breath from his lungs.

“Whoa...”

Richie was never lost for words but right now, sitting opposite the love of his life, the love of his life who’d just KISSED him...yeah he had no fucking idea what to say. He slowly opened his eyes to find Eddie watching him nervously, a pretty blush colouring the tips of his ears.

“Happy Christmas, Rich.”

“Yeah, you can say that again,” Richie breathed, pushing his glasses up his nose. Eddie blushed harder, wringing his hands, avoiding Richie’s direct gaze.

“Sorry...I just, I wanted to know...”

“S okay,” Richie said, still quite unable to believe what happened. His heartbeat was still thundering in his ears and his face was on fucking fire; he would later say it was the drink that made him ask, “so, um...you wanna be boyfriends and stuff?”

Eddie’s eyes widened almost comically; he looked like Bambi’s mother staring down the barrel of a gun, “after everything that happened tonight? In fucking *Derry*?”

“Yeah you’re probably right,” Richie sighed, trying not to sound as disappointed as he felt, “I hate this fucking place.”

“Yeah, I-“

Whatever Eddie had been about to say was cut off by Richie’s mouth latching onto his again. His hands softly cradled Eddie’s face as he kissed him enthusiastically, the smaller boy responding after a moments hesitation. When Richie pulled away, it was Eddie’s turn to blush and sputter like a lovesick fool.

“What the fuck, Rich...” he breathed through swollen lips, a fond look in his eyes, as though all of his dreams had come true. Richie swallowed, fixing his glasses yet again.

“Sorry. If that was my only chance, I didn’t want you to remember me as the guy who just sat there and kissed like a wet fucking fish.”

“I never said ‘never’,” Eddie said quickly, adjusting their positions so he could rest his head on Richie’s chest, “just...not yet. Not here.”

Richie grinned, his heart soaring to cloud nine. Okay, he’d been wrong. This was the best night of his life. He stroked Eddie’s hair gently, “good to know, Spaghetti.”

The moment they left Derry and entered college some years later, Richie proposed and Eddie didn’t hesitate to accept.

27 Years Later

big bill: we're all coming to yours for christmas

stan the man: I am not eating anything richie cooks

trashmouth: fuck off

haystack: it's your turn

molly ringwald: it's only fair. there's only us five, audra and patty

trashmouth: aren't you like eating for six? anyway eds is naked and horny. I couldn't possibly keep him from my dick

spaghetti: I AM NOT! FUCK YOU!!

homeschool: sorry rich you can't use that excuse anymore

trashmouth: fine but I'm not cooking for all you assholes

big bill: we wouldn't eat anything you cooked anyway

haystack: his idea of a Christmas dinner is pizza with turkey topping

stan the man: was anyone going to tell me that beverly's pregnant or

molly ringwald: it was supposed to be a surprise sweetie

spaghetti: nice going dickhead

trashmouth: well guess who's not getting laid tonight

Richie closed the official Losers Club group chat with a fond smile on his face, despite the fact it was made quite clear he and Eddie were hosting Christmas for eleven plus whatever litter Bev was carrying. Patty Uris and Audra Denbrough were lovely, though, and were very welcome honorary Losers.

Christmas Eve came quickly with he and Eddie spending most of the day preparing the food for their friends. Eddie was in his element, preparing healthy nutritious food, avoiding anything that might harm unborn babies. He avoided most things like the plague anyway; no nut roast or dairy in sight. He'd given Richie the task of chopping the vegetables, much to the amusement of their children, April and Harry.

"Hey, look," he proudly held up a broccoli floret to his kids, currently perched at the kitchen table, grinning, "a mini tree! You guys want to eat a mini tree?" April stuck her tongue out and made a disgusted noise whilst Harry looked as though he suddenly had a whole new perspective on the vegetable, "yeah, me too. Better than fucking sprouts, though."

"Dude, what the heck is that?" Eddie pointed his knife at the pile of diced vegetables on the counter; he looked so adorable in his little apron, Richie couldn't help but tease him a little.

"It's a fucking carrot!" Richie said, half-offended, half-amused, gesturing at the poorly cut pile of vegetables, "you told me to chop it! Guess what? Fucking chopped, asshole."

"Daddy said a bad word," Harry mumbled, sucking on his thumb; he spluttered out a giggle when Richie stared at him with a look of betrayal. April nodded in agreement.

"Yeah! You should spank him, Papa!"

"Mmm, good idea, hon," Richie said, munching on a piece of the raw chopped carrot. He lowered his voice so that only Eddie could hear him, a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "that'll teach me. I've been very bad."

"Shut up, Richie," Eddie muttered, though there was a significant blush on his cheeks.

They managed to finish getting dinner ready without trying to kill each other which was quite the achievement. They filled the afternoon by taking April and Harry to the park and watching Christmas movies; April's favourite being *Home Alone* and Richie and Harry's *Elf*. Eddie preferred *It's A Wonderful Life* but that wasn't really for the kids. Finally, it was time to get the kids ready for bed, the best part of their Christmas Eve.

"We have to get the milk and cookies."

"Santa wants Bourbon this year, sweet," Richie said, hanging the stockings above the fireplace; his was the biggest, the children regular sized and Eddie's an ordinary sock. He thought it was funny even if Eddie bitched about it.

"What about drink driving, Daddy?" April asked, suddenly worried they were about to kill Santa and his reindeers with one tiny glass of whiskey. Richie ruffled her hair.

"It's drink flying, I think that's okay. He's got that red-nosed one in front, he'll be fine. That son of a bitch is magic."

"Do you think he'd like one of my special free-from cookies?" Eddie reminded, lifting Harry so he could get the cookies; Richie had once

commented the free-from meant taste, they were so fucking bland. April had found it hilarious, Eddie not so much. The little girl wrinkled her nose.

“But they taste like *shit*.”

“Bad word!” Richie gasped, scooping April into his arms and tickling her relentlessly, “now you have to eat the shit-cookie to atone for your crimes, evil-doer!”

“No, Daddy,” April said, giggling madly and kicking out frantically. He probably shouldn’t get her excited the night before Christmas but she was so cute.

They set the glass of bourbon on the table beside the plate of shit-cookies and a nice carrot for Rudolph. Harry was starting to doze off in Eddie’s arms, rubbing his eyes with his fists; it had been a long day for the three-year-old. The kids settled easily thanks to Richie’s teasing that Santa would pawn their presents if they woke up during his delivery. Still, they played it safe and waited until well after midnight. Richie happily swallowed the bourbon and Eddie nibbled the cookies as Richie’s new Netflix special played in the background; the former was lying in the latter’s lap.

“Why did you wear that fucking shirt, man?”

“You bought me that shirt!” Richie smirked, looking up at his husband, “you said I looked sexy.”

“That sounds like something you made up, dude,” he said with a smirk, dragging his bare fingers across Richie’s glasses and leaving a smudge behind. The comedian grumbled, removing them to wipe clean.

”Fucker.”

Another half an hour later, they carefully tucked the presents under the tree and filled the stockings. There was an impressive haul, mostly from themselves, the Losers and Richie’s parents. It had taken a long time for Maggie and Went to accept April and Harry as their grandchildren but now they had, things couldn’t be better. They

adored the children and the children loved them back.

“Hey Eds,” Eddie quickly tucked the envelope containing tickets for a surprise family holiday under the tree and turned to look at his husband who had a stupid smirk on his face. An equally stupid looking hat was perched on his head; affixed to the hat was a sprig of mistletoe, hanging just enough over his head to reach another person, “what do you think of my plan to finally get Ben in the sack?”

Eddie didn’t know whether to laugh or roll his eyes so he did both, folding his arms, “very subtle, you cheap little slut.”

“You’re still my number one bitch, Spaghetti.”

“Do you want to sleep on the fucking couch?”

Richie chuckled, taking Eddie’s hand and tugging him within mistletoe distance. He pressed his forehead to Eddie’s, bringing his hand to caress his cheek, “I love you, dude.”

Eddie smiled, shaking his head fondly, “I love you, too, God help me.”

They exchanged a long, slow kiss under the mistletoe, separating to gaze into one another’s eyes for the longest time. They clasped hands and headed for bed, neither of them could wait until their children woke them up, demanding to open their presents. They really were the luckiest people in the world.

Author's Note:

I named their son after the original adult richie tozier, legend that he was